



A FORECAST FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE HARE.

One day as the elephant was browsing through the forest and feeling what a good thing it was to be as big as a haystack he was accosted by the hare, who was panting with a long run.

"O, my friend, I am pursued by the fox, and unless you come to my aid I shall be undone."

"You shall certainly have my aid," replied the elephant, as he ceased to feed and looked down. "There's a fox after you, eh? Well, we'll give reward a little yet. I'll lift you up among the branches of this tree, where he can't get at you. Then you are, little bunny, and now let the fox come on."

"But you see—"

"Never mind the thanks, I'm always willing to do my fellow-man a good turn. Good-day to you."

As the hare had no claws to cling to the limb, she fell to the ground before the elephant was out of sight, and the fox came along just in time to grab her up and devour her.

Moral: He who trusts to his own heels is safest.



"You shall certainly have my aid," said the elephant.

NOT A TRUST.

I had reason to complain of the beds and the table at a village hotel in Illinois, and as the landlord resented my words a scran was the result. An hour later he had me arrested for assault and battery. I found that his lawyer was also his brother. More than that, the justice of the peace before whom the case was brought



"The landlord resented my words."

was also a brother, and the two witnesses who swore that I struck the first blow were cousins of his. I saw that there was no chance for me and pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$10. After the case was disposed of I said to the justice:

"This thing looks to me like a little trust."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, all of you related to each other."

"You are mistaken, sir," he replied with great dignity. "This is no trust, sir. This is simply a close corporation."

JOE KERR.

THEN SILENCE FELL.

Sitting around on the heads of the cracker and sugar barrels in Dave Siska's grocery, Uncle Reuben Smith, Simon Goodheart, Ebenezer White and Deacon Taylor had given their opinions of men and things, and what should be done to save the country. Jim Thompson alone had remained silent. He hadn't spoken even when it was asserted that taxes would jump 50 per cent. next year.

"Jim, hasn't you got nothin' to say?" queried the Deacon as he turned to him with a somewhat anxious look.

Jim shook his head and sighed.

"But you must have."

Jim shook his head and groaned.

"Let 'er come, Jim—let 'er come."

"Wall, boys," said Jim as he finally raised his head and looked around, "if I must speak, then I must. It's my opinion—it's my gaul darned s'id opinion—that—that—"

"That what, Jim?"

"Yes, don't keep us in suspense."

"That 'aters will either go up or down 10 cents a bushel before next spring, and you jest remember what I tell ye!"

And then the silence became so profound that the barrel of N. O. molasses



"You jest remember what I tell you."

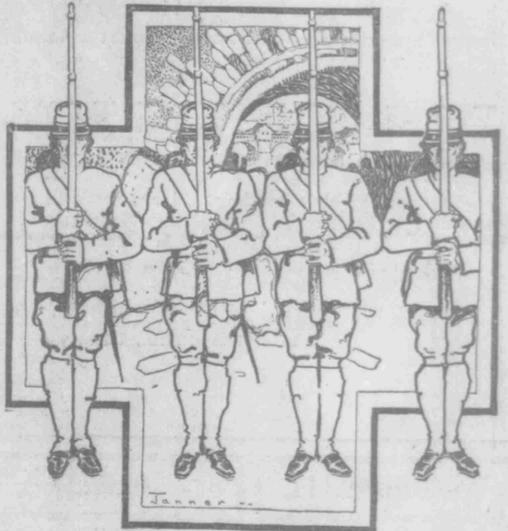
In the back end of the store could be heard trying to turn over.

JOE KERR.



A WONDER.

Tom—Is she one of the girls you can kiss if you want to?
Dick—No. She's one of the girls you don't have to kiss if you don't want to.



FIND THE FIFTH SOLDIER.



HARD LUCK.

Mrs. Buzzer (2 A. M.)—John, I've been awake two hours, waiting for you to come home.
Mr. Buzzer (dozed)—Jus'—hic—my luck. I've been—hic—sittin' on th'—hic—steps two hours—hic—waitin' for you to go to sleep.



A KICK COMING.

Mr. Jackson—I understand that that young man who comes to see you so often is anxious to become an actor?
His Daughter—Yes, sir. He wants to appear before the footlights.
Mr. Jackson—Well, he'd better disappear before the foot lights.



Mr. Smith—Do you think that "seeing is believing?"
Mrs. Smith—No, I see some people every day that I could never believe.

THE ECONOMICS.

"William, stand up. What is opportunity?"

"Opportunity is striking a job with a big life insurance company at \$8 per week."

"What is luck?"

"Luck consists in picking up the toothpick of the president of the company, and thus calling his attention to the fact that you are a hustler and have the interests of the company at heart."

"What is merit?"

"Merit consists in getting your salary raised from \$8 per week to \$40,000 per year."

"What is probity?"

"Probity is the act of speculating on the policyholders' money and keeping as much of the profits in the family of the president as possible."

"What is an error of judgment?"

"Being found out in scaly transactions and being forced to restore the money."

JOE KERR.



WANTED TO KNOW.

Kander—When my wife puts her foot down that settles it.
Kidder—What size shoe does she wear?

A CASE OF IT.

Of co'se I believes in Providence—of co'se I does," replied Uncle Moses when the question was put to him. "Can't nobody dun make me believe dat dar' hain't a Providence around."

"Did Providence ever do anything for you?"

"She did, sah. Look at dat time when I was owin' my church \$170 pew rent and couldn't dun tell fur de life of me how I was to raise a dollar."

"And did Providence assist you to raise it?"

"She did, sah. She got up a thunder-storm and had de lightning strike and burn down de buildin' and clear off my debt. Couldn't ax me to pay pew rent, you know, when I hadn't no pew. Of co'se I believes in Providence—of co'se, Ise lookin' fur her to help me run down a razor-backed hawg some day."

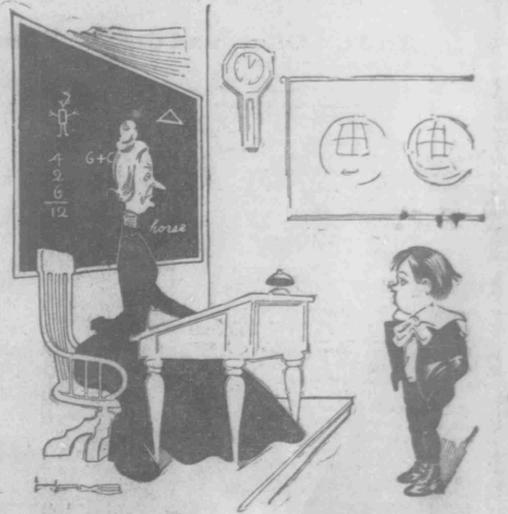
JOE KERR.



"What's your name, my child?"
"Miss Mary Jones—at present, sir!"



"That was a very touching case, that Jones' divorce case, wasn't it?"
"Yes, I hear that Jones' lawyer touched him for two hundred dollars."



WEBB OF COURSE, WEB.

Teacher—Wille, what animal is web-footed?
Wille—The spider, ma'am.